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DEMOCRATIC IN POLITICS.

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HONOR FOR HOTEL ENGINEER

To Be a Professor at Columbia University and Establish New Course.

J. C. Jurgenson, who for seven and a half years has been a hotel engineer, admitted the other day that he had resigned his job at the St. Regis hotel, in New York, to take the chair of engineering plant instruction at Columbia university, in New York. He said he would begin his duties next fall upon his return from a visit to his native home, Copenhagen.

Mr. Jurgenson tills a farm at Tappan, N. Y., when not busy overseeing firemen, oilers, electricians, mechanics and licensed engineers.

"I am going to Columbia at the solicitation of the trustees to start and conduct classes in plant measurement," he said. "It is a new branch of practical study. My students will work in the boiler room of the college and get accustomed to coal dust, oil and the working side of practical engineering. It won't be mere book lore. They can learn from books at their leisure what rudimentary knowledge they desire. It will be real work with shovel at the furnaces and with wrench and oil can at the engines.

"Everything that pertains to the proper working of an engine room or plant will be imparted; electrical, oil and coal burning engines will be running, and the up to date boilers will be installed for drilling students to become trustworthy engineers. It is not easy work, this training of engineers. In six years I have given certificates to only two men out of a class of sixteen apprentices.

"The engineer of the future has to be different from the one met with today," said Mr. Jurgenson. "The need of better men in plants in New York is plainly seen every day. There is a great deal of money to be saved, especially in coal bills.

"We have come to the question of economical engineering, and it can be accomplished through apprenticeship, education and co-operation between engineer and employer. Inefficiency in the engine room causes loss, and the only remedy is proper education. I hope to obtain the desired results at Columbia."

Not a Good Mark.

A French actor named Hyacinthe once illustrated the saying, "Discretion is the better part of valor." It was in the month of June, and a company of the national guard of which Hyacinthe was a sergeant was engaged a body of insurgents behind a barricade at the other end of a short street. One of the insurgents in particular, from a corner of the barricade, was making remarkably effective practice on the assailants. At that moment up came a general.

"We must get him to expose himself," said the general. "One of you must clamber up on top of the barricade; then, when our friend at the other end of the street shows himself to take aim, two or three of you fetch him down. Up with you, sergeant!"

"Beg your pardon, general, but perhaps, you see, an insignificant noncommissioned officer like myself may have no attraction for him, but a handsome, distinguished man like you, in that stylish and becoming uniform—he'd be more than mortal if he could resist the temptation. I'll lend you a hand, general."

A Quaint London Custom.

It is curious how few persons have noticed the ancient and quaint custom which is observed every evening during the term in the walks of the Middle Temple of sounding the call that warns members of the Inn that it is time to dress for dinner in the hall at 6. The custom is as old as the Middle Temple itself, where it alone exists. At about 5:30 p. m. the warder on duty emerges from a side door of the hall with an old fashioned cow horn, richly ornamented with silver, and, commencing in Fountaincourt, blows a

sustained blast on it, which he repeats in New court, Essex court, Brick court, Pump court, Elm court and at the entrance to Crown office row. The whole operation lasts about ten minutes, and when it is over the warder, who is a kind of beadle in plain livery, returns the horn to the butler's pantry. Nobody seems to take any notice of the horn blowing except small boys and ticket porters, who occasionally chaff the warder while he is engaged in his musical efforts.—Westminster Gazette.

She Was the Boiler.

Topnoody made up his mind that he was not going to be ruled any longer by his wife, so when he went home at noon he called out imperiously:

"Mrs. Topnoody, Mrs. Topnoody!" Mrs. Topnoody came out of the kitchen, a dish rag tied round her head and a rolling pin in her hand.

"Well, sir," she said, "what'll you have?"

Topnoody staggered, but braced up. "Jane, I want you to understand, madam," and he tapped his breast dramatically, "I am the engineer of this establishment."

"Oh, you are, are you? Well, William, I want you to understand that I, and she looked dangerous—"I am the boiler that will blow up and throw the engineer over into the next county. Do you hear the steam escaping, William?"

William heard it, and he meekly inquired if there was any assistance he could render in the housework.—Pearson's Weekly.

Wherein They Were Alike.

A country minister who in Scotland was notoriously defective and hesitating in his style of delivery in the pulpit was sitting having a cup of tea with one of the old spinsters connected with his congregation when he observed that the spout of the teapot was either choked or too narrow.

"Your teapot, Miss Kennedy," he remarked, "disna—disna rin weel."

"Aye, jist like yourself," Mr. Brown, retorted the nettled lady. "It has an unco puir delivery."

Her Base Ingratitude.

When Duchenois, the great French actor, died some one met an old man who had been her intimate friend and who was apparently crushed with sorrow. Kindly meant professions of sympathy and consolation failed to cheer him. "For," said he, "it is not so much her loss which troubles me as her base ingratitude. Can you credit it? She left me nothing in her will, and yet I dined with her at her own house three times a week regularly for thirty years!"

LAST OF MONITOR'S CREW.

Passing of Captain Anderson, Who Served in Merrimac Fight.

Captain Hans Anderson, who recently died at his home in Brooklyn, was the last surviving member of the crew that manned the Monitor when the Yankee "cheesebox on a raft" checked the destructive career of the dreaded Confederate ironclad Merrimac in Hampton Roads. He ended his days clinging to a belief that the famous naval hope of the Confederacy could have been either captured or sunk if her Union foe had followed up the assault.

Telling his story of the memorable battle, Captain Anderson, who was shotman of one of the Monitor's guns, said that he was standing near Captain John Lorimer Worden, the commander, when the latter was blinded by dust and particles of iron which struck him as the Monitor was hit by the Merrimac. Captain Worden started to go up on the turret.

"I knew he would certainly be shot there," Captain Anderson would say, "so I caught him by the coat and pulled him back. 'You are my commander, captain,' I said to him, 'but I cannot let you go up there.' He smiled and yielded. A man named Peterson was shotman of the other gun. He suggested that we double shot the guns, and we did so. As the Merrimac tried to run over us we fired, and the double shot struck her squarely in the side. Disabled, she hauled away and made slowly over to Sewell's point. If Lieutenant Greene, who took command when Captain Worden was forced to retire, had permitted it we would have followed and, I believe, captured the rebel vessel."

Captain Anderson said that he and others of the crew were so confident that the Merrimac could be taken that they talked of disobeying the orders of Lieutenant Greene, but yielded to the appeals of the chief engineer. Anderson and the other members of the Monitor's crew received votes of thanks from congress.

Captain Anderson was born in Gothenburg, Sweden, eighty-five years ago.

Land Assessment in England.

The evils of under assessment of land are perhaps more glaring in Cardiff than anywhere else. Cardiff castle, with its huge park, lodges and gardens, with a boundary wall of three-quarters of a mile situated right in the heart of the town, is rated at £924 a year. The land is worth millions. Within sight of the castle and not more than 200 yards away is a tailor's shop which is rated at £947.—London Chronicle.

The Only Way He Could Go.

A man fearfully addicted to stuttering stepped up to the ticket window at a railroad station and asked what it would cost him to go to New York by freight.

"By freight?" exclaimed the astonished ticket agent. "What in thunder do you want to go by freight for?" "Becc-c-c-a-use," stammered the man. "I c-c-c-can't exp-p-p-ress my-s-s-self very w-w-e-l-l, c-c-c-can I?"—Ladies' Home Journal.


No Reciprocity.

"Annie Nibbins is the meanest kind of a gossip."

"What variety is that?"

"She's the kind that doesn't tell anything herself, but gets you to tell all you know."

No success is attained by a leap and a bound, but by patient plodding and many resolves.



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History.

History is a running account of how King Somebody-or-other either did or did not get to a certain place, which nobody ever heard of, before King Somebody-else got there, from which we are usually supposed to conclude that it would have made quite a difference whether he did or not.

Like nearly everything else, history has two sides. The history of the garden of Eden depends upon whether it is related by a man or a woman.

The history of the American Revolution reads quite different in English books, from the way it reads in our own books.

History is a bore, not only because you are unacquainted with the people who figure in it, but because it repeats itself.—Life.

Knots in Her French.

Johnson—Does your wife speak French?

Thompson—She thinks she does. "You don't speak it, do you?"

"No."

"Then how do you know she doesn't?"

"I watched a French waiter's face the other day when she was talking to him, and I'll be blamed if he didn't look as if he had the toothache."—Detroit Free Press.

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